



FEATURE Funnies

QUICK!!
THERE'S A
GAS LEAK IN THE
KITCHEN!



?



NO. 17 10¢

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JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

BOXING IS A GREAT GAME OF WITS. HERE WE HAVE JOE BLOCKING A RIGHT HOOK TO THE JAW—



BLOCKING A LEFT JAB TO THE FACE



BLOCKING A LEFT JAB TO BODY WITH ELBOW

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



HYPE JOE IS SENDIN' A FRENCH FRIEND OF HIS HERE THANS AROUND WITH US A COUPLE DAYS—TH' GUY WANTS MATERIAL FER A FEATURE STORY!

UH HUH.



HE SAYS THIS BIRD'S FROM PARIS AN' HE'S GOT A TRIFIC ACCENT—

IZZAT SO?



YOU ARE JOE, THIS'S M'SIEU KNOBEE, HYPE'S FRIEND. YES! AN' M'SIEU PA-LANK!

HOW DDO!



PARDON—WHAT'S ZIS YOU SAYIN'SIEU? I OSH ABOUT ZE QUESTION!

I SAID IT'S TH' MAHUSKA! TH' PLAIN OLD MAHUSKA!!

NOBBY IS RIGHT!!



NEEL YO' EXPLAN ZAT AGAIN ONCE, KNOBEE?

I SAYS TH' DOTS COMES OUT IN TH' THIRD HEAT—HE TAKES A SANDER, AN' POW!—RIGHT IN TH' KISSER!



ANOTHER TIME ME AN' TH' KIDS HOOFIN' AROUND TRYIN' TSET SHEKELS FER SCRATCH!

WE CERTAINLY WAS FLAT!!



HEBBE YAD LIKE THEAR ABOUT TH' TIME HE BLOW TH' DUKE IN YONKERS.

???

THAT WAS A ESTPER-IENCE!!



THIS PUGS GOT SHELL GANS—AN' GANS IS NOT IMPORTANT IN THIS RACKET—

PLEASE TO EXPLAN I AVE NOT COMPRE-HEH-TT!

SEE HE'S HARD TO UNDER-STAR



—SO I LAY A GRAND TO A YARD AN' A HALF, KNOWIN' TH' FIX IS IN—

PARDON—YOU MEAN YARD AND A HALF CLOTH—YEST NOT

NO—HOUSE GOT IT WRONG!



WELL, I HOPE YA GOT A HOT YARN, BOOLEEBAISE! TOOLEGOO AN' DIP DIP

???

SLONS NOW!



BOY ON BOY! WHAT A JOB TRYIN' TMAKE THAT FRENCHMAN UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!

I'LL SAY!



YOU SHOULD HAVE A GOOD STORY AFTER THREE DAYS WITH THEM.

NO HYPE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT ZEY EVER TALK ABOUT!

JOE PALOOKAS BOXING COURSE

PRACTICE BLOCKING A BUST BY BENDING BACK FROM THE WAIST WHILE KEEPING YOUR HEAD FORWARD



AS YOUR HAND MISSES THROWN YOUR RIGHT BUTT ONE AWAY QUICKLY AS YOU ARE NOW WIDE OPEN



TO AVOID STRIKING RIGHT TO YOUR FACE BEND YOUR HEAD AND SEND A LEFT TO HIS BODY FOR YOUR RIGHT HAND

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



THAT WAS A SWELL INTERVIEW, JOE—I'LL BET THE LISTENERS GOT A GREAT KICK OUT OF IT!

THANK YOU, SURE, I'LL TAKE YOU AROUND



I'D LOVE TO GO AROUND AND SEE THE FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO IS ON THE RADIO

SURE, COME ON—I'LL TAKE YOU AROUND



WHO'S AT OLE LADY?

THAT'S LITTLE SUSIE AND HER GANG—YOU KNOW, THE LITTLE CHILD ON AT 6:15—



WHICH PROGRAM IS THIS?

THAT'S THE SWEET-HEART OF THE AIR—SHE'S ON THAT WEIGHT-REDUCING PROGRAM



WHAT ARE THEY FIGHTING ABOUT?

SAY HERE! I AM NOW ABOUT DRY UP THAT DOUGH YA ONE ME!



THAT'S THE SUNSHINE LADYS—THEY'RE ALWAYS SCRAPPING



THAT'S GEDRIC MUSCLEBROOD—HE DOES THE "HOW TO BE STRONG" PROGRAM—



WHO'S HER?

THAT'S EDDIE WOOFING THE GREAT CONG HE GETS \$10,000 FOR A BROAD CAST



WHEN DOES HE GO ON?

AS SOON AS THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOY WHO WRITES HIS GAPS ARRIVES WITH HIS SCRIPT!



WHO WAS THAT PEOPLE?

SURE—COME WITH ME—



THEY'RE FORMER WILDEVILLE ACTORS—THEY'RE ON THE WIGGLEY SOUP WASTEFUL HOUR!

LET'S GO



TO THE TOP!

YOU SAID IT!

JOE PALOOKAS BOXING COURSE

TRY
PUSHING
THE OTHER
MAN'S
LEFT
ARM WITH
YOUR
RIGHT—
THEN LAD
YOUR OWN
LEFT
QUICKLY



WHEN
YOUR
LEFT
ARM IS
DOWN
CHECK
YOUR
RIGHT
SHOULDER
WITH YOUR
LEFT
GLOVE



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



I NEVER SEEN A GLUMSIER GUY THAN YOU IN ME LIFE! GUESS YALL NEVER LEARN!

MY HANDS GIT IN THE WAY ALSO MY FEET TOO



YER DRAWIN' ROOM MANNERS IS TERRIBLE—YALL NEVER LEARN HOW TACT IN SASSIETY—

I DONT LIKE SASSIETY—I LIKE PEOPLE WHICH ARE NACHERAL



BUT, HOW CAN HE STILL BE A PRINCE WHEN HIS COUNTRY AINT IN BUSINESS NO MORE?

NEVER MIND, HE GOT PLENTY OF CLASS!



ALAH—MADAME—I NEVAIRE SEE YOU LOOK SO BEEDOTIFUL—

OH! THEE HERE!!



MY DEAR MRS. GOLDRUSS—MAY I HAFE ZIS DAWNCE

OH PRINCE—I'M SO THRILLED



I HAFF TAKEN ZE HONOR TO BRING YOU SWEET LADDEZ SOME SUPPER

OH PRINCE, SUCH GRACE—SUCH COURTLINESS!!



MAY I PRESENT MY HUSBAND, YOUR HIGHNESS?

MSIEU!! A PLEASURE



OH! YOU STUPID IDIOT—LOOK WHERE YOU GO!!

I—I—



WELL, WHY YOU NOT APOLOGY, QUICK? Y-YOU A SERVANT BLIND ME, A PRINCE! I AVE YOU FRED!

Y-YOUR HONOR—I'M SORRY!!



OH! H-HOW DARE YOU—OH!!



SNACK

SHE'S A WOMAN TOO. YER HIGHNESS!



WHY YA SADI? I WAS TRYIN' WHAT WAS TTEACH IM TH DEE?? ORDINARY PLAIN ANSWER PEOPLES MANNERS

ME!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE



IN FIGHT YOUR LEFT IS READY TO PICK OFF YOUR HANS RIGHT—AND YOUR RIGHT IS SET FOR A COUNTER BLOW—



HERE'S A GOOD WAY TO COVER UP WHEN ON THE DEFENSE—ONLY THE TOP OF HEAD AND SHOULDERS COUNT

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



Follow Joe Palooka in the March issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale February 1st.

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*

* I BROUGHT THE
MOUSE ALONG FOR
SIZE 10

MOVIE
TRAPS
3 (CS)

"I NEVER GIVE
MY HUSBAND HIS
BREAKFAST IN BED!"

"OH, THIS IS WHERE THOSE JUGGLERS LIVE!"

"MY KID WON'T
MAKE GOOD—
HE FELL OUTA HIS
HIGH CHAIR TODAY!"



Epigaea repens L. (winter helleborus). A low-growing, leafy perennial with small, bell-shaped flowers. It is a common ground cover plant in gardens and woodlands. It is native to Europe and Asia. The leaves are dark green and glossy. The flowers are white or pinkish. It is a good choice for a winter garden.

NORTHLAND SKI MFG. CO.

104 *Journal of Management Inquiry* 16(1)

"ARE YOU SURE HE'S
OUR CHILD, DEAR?
LOOK--NOW HE'S
TURNING GREEN!"

WHEN THIS MODEL
GETS OLD IT'LL MAKE
A VERY FINE WASTE
BASKET."

JANE ARDEN

By Helen Barrett and Howard E. Ross



JANE ARDEN

AS JANE WATCHES TERRY TROOP THE NO CHECK ARTIST—

TERRY IS REGISTERED AT FOUR HOTELS—AND HE'S CASHED SOME CHECKS AT ALL OF THEM!

AND THEY WERE ALL GOOD TOO! LET'S LOOK UP HIS ACCOUNT!

YES TROOP HAD AN ACCOUNT HERE—HE CLOSED IT OUT TODAY! HE DIDN'T LEAVE A TOWN!

SURE—THESE ACCOUNTS WERE A BUILD UP! NOWS THE TIME FOR ME TO ACT! HE WAS ESTABLISHING HIS CREDIT!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO PHONE THE BANK VETROOP—AND THIS IS FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

LOOK—YOU'VE CASHED CHECKS FOR ME BEFORE—AND I NEED THIS MONEY FOR A BIG DEAL!

HERE ARE CANCELLED CHECKS I CASHED HERE—SEE YOUR ENDORSEMENTS?

ALL RIGHT—THE OTHERS WERE GOOD AND YOU LIVE HERE!

OFFICER! OKAY—YOU'VE GOT A BADGE THAT MAN!

S-SAY!! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF JAIL FIRST!

BUT HIS CHECKS HAVE BEEN GOOD IN THE PAST!

YES—BUT HE CLOSED OUT HIS LAST BANK ACCOUNT TODAY!

THAT 1500.00 WILL PUT HIM AWAY—THEN YOU'LL GET BACK!

SAY LENA—THERE'S GREAT DOGS ABOUT—THE WHOLE SECTION'S ATALION!

MY LAND—WHAT'S WRONG? SIT OUT—YOU'RE BEST DUDD—IN PLANNING ON PUTTIN' YER BEST FOOT FORWARD!



CHANNY! EVERY PER KOBBER IF OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE WILL BE HERE!

THEY'RE WALKIN' WHY—PURTY FUR AN' COUSIN THEY'LL WANT ALECK GRUB—SIDE MEAT CAKES, AN WHORTLE-BERRY PIE!

HE HEARD YED! HE NEVER SA WAS A CARED FOR CITY GAL—YOUR BALS AN HE WAS ONCE HE THERE ONCE SAW CITY HISSLER!

WALT—I LIKE YOU WANT TO GRUB TOO MUCH THOVE FROM HERE NOW! LET AN COME—HARRIS MY GUNT!



Richard MANNERS

THE SUPER SLEUTH

BY PAUL



HMM - THIS SON
OF MINE GOES
TOO FAR!



LET MY SON
DICK, HE'S
PROBABLY
AT HIS OFFICE.



WHAT'S UP NOW
DAD?

TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS!



I'LL BET YOU WANT
TO CONGRATULATE
ME FOR THAT CASE
I JUST FINISHED, EH?



SON, I GAVE YOU FOUR
LAST CHANCES - WHY
CAN'T YOU SETTLE
DOWN AS AN EXECUTIVE
OF THIS BANK AND
TAKE YOUR PROPER
PLACE IN SOCIETY?



DAD, WE'VE BEEN
OVER THAT BEFORE
AND THAT'S
NOT THE
LIFE FOR
ME!



IS THAT FINAL, DICK?

I'M SORRY DAD -
I'M AFRAID IT
IS!



WHILE LEAVING THE BANK
MANNERS ACCIDENTALLY BUMPED
INTO A FAMILIAR FIGURE -

BIG DADDY MISTER

WATCH
YOUR STEP
MANNERS!



NOW, WHERE
HAVE I BEEN
LIFE BEFORE?



LATER THAT
EVENING AT
THE MANNERS
HOME -

SAY!
WHAT
CAN
THIS
BE?





...GOT MY OWN
MANNERS, I'VE
WORK BUT I CAN -
GET UP NOW AN
TAKE TH' CAR
WITH YOU YOU
KNOW WHERE!

SO NICK GORDON'S
SEEING YOU AGAIN--NOTHING
LIKE MEETING OLD FRIENDS
OH?



OKAY, MANNERS, GET
BACK IN YOUR CAR
AND DON'T PULL
ANY CLEVER STUFF--
OR ELSE!



THIS IS WHERE
WE GET OUT
DETECTIVE--
GET GOIN'!



WHAT'S THE
IDEA, NICK?

THE IDEA
IS THAT
THIS IS
ADVISED
HONK FOR
YOU MANNERS
FOR TH' TIME BEIN'



COP-- LET'S
TAKE THOSE
STONES AND
SCRAM NICK--
WE'LL SPLIT
ON 'EM LATER

WHAT'S
THAT?



BROTHER, THIS IS
STRICTLY A ONE-
WAY SPLIT--
SO LONG PATT!



CHEERIO
FRIENDS!



AND NICK IS AWAY WITH
THE WINTHROP PEARLE--



I'M PASSIN' OUT FAST
BUT I'LL GET EVEN
WITH THAT DOUBLE-
CROSSER-- I'M GIVIN'
YOU A BREAK AN'
CUTTIN' YOU
LOOSE!



AS THE WOUNDED BUTCH
EXPLODES DICK TAKES
THE CAR FROM HIM

THIS MAKES
GORDON A
MURDERER NOW
AS WELL AS
A THIEF!



PEACE. I CAN CATCH ME
NICK GORDON BEFORE
HE REACHES THE
BORDER.



I THOUGHT THE DAY
MIGHT COME WHEN I
COULD USE THIS OLD
BACK ROAD—GUESS
THIS IS THE DAY!



SURE ENOUGH—MANNERS
FIGHTS NICK'S CAR AND
SOON OVERTAKES HIM—DICK
THEN TAKES A LONG CHASE.



—AND FORCED THE GROOMS
CAR OFF THE ROAD—GORDON QUICKLY
OPENS THE DOOR AND RUNS
FOR IT—



STOP NICK—
OR I'LL SHOOT!



CHASING THE FLEEING NICK,
MANNERS TAKES HIM,
BRINGING HIM TO A HALT.

NOT SO
FAST, NICK!



SOCK



WELL, WE'LL
KNOW WHO YOU
ARE NOW GORDON,
FOR SOME TIME
TO COME!



WE WISH TO THANK YOU
FOR RECOVERING THE
PEARLS, RICHARD!

YES—
YOU WERE
WONDERFUL,
DICK!



NOT AT ALL—TRACKING
DOWN GORDON WAS
AN EXTREME
PLEASURE FOR ME
SAY!



LATER AT DICK'S HOME—
SAY THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A
VERY CLEVER DETECTIVE WHO
CAUGHT NICK GORDON, DIDN'T
YOU THINK?

WHY YES, DAD—
I'D LOVE TO TAKE
SOME LESSONS
FROM HIM!

SLIM TUBBY



SLIM TUBBY

John J. Welch



Slim and Tubby is continued in the March issue--on sale February 1st

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About
The Man
Who Broke
A World's
Record
And Lost

We're at Madison Square Garden in New York City. It's Feb. 22, 1934, and two of the greatest runners who ever lived, Gene Vento and Glenn Cunningham, greet each other cordially. In a few moments they are to be battling each other for fame through 1500 meters.



Cunningham has set one world's record. Can he better it? A strong hint of what may happen comes home to you as they pound through the first quarter of the race in 59 seconds!



Then suddenly you can't believe your eyes. You gasp... You're up on your feet with the crowd electrified as Vento draws ahead of Cunningham in the home stretch!

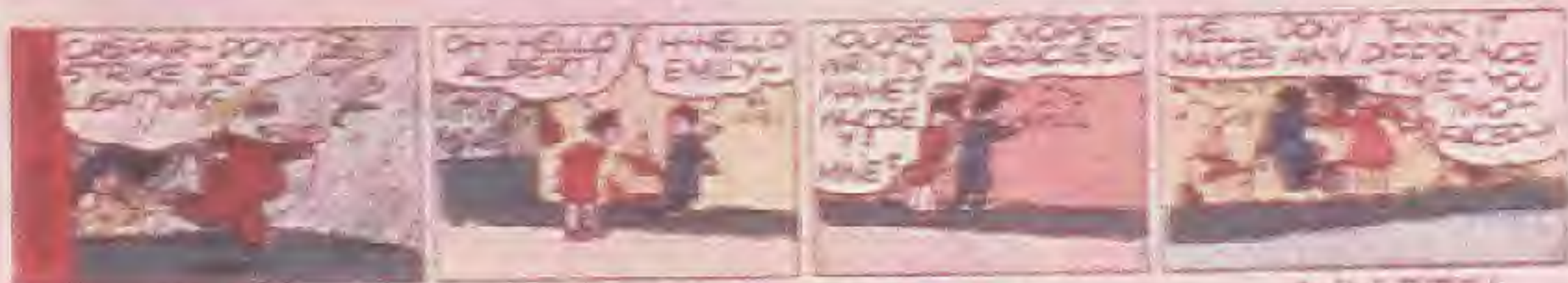


Gene's shattering the world... In a final desperate effort, his heart pounding against his ribs, his ears deaf to the thunderous roar of the fans, Vento pulls ahead... His heaving chest hits the tape in new world record time, 3 minutes, 49.15 seconds.



Introducing the famous Pennsylvanian Gene Vento, who ran Cunningham into the lumber to set a new world's record... Cunningham's time was 3 minutes, 50.15 seconds, which was faster than the old world record made by himself... And still he lost.





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

HELP!

By H. J. TUTTLE





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

NERVES

By H. J. TUTTLE





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

MORE FATE

BY H. J. TUTTILL



More of The Bungles in the March issue of FEATURE PUNNIES—on sale February 1st.





REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

ART PENGLIN

SERGEANT REYNOLDS, TWO YEARS AGO A PLANE TRANSPORTING GOLD WAS LOST IN A BUZZARD WHILE FLYING OVER THE SHANI ESQUIMO VILLAGE. IT IS REPORTED THAT THE PILOT LIVED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS AFTER THE PLANE WENT DOWN!

AT THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE HEADQUARTERS

WHILE HE LIVED HE KEPT A LOGBOOK SHOWING THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE PLANE. AFTER HIS DEATH THE LOGBOOK WAS FOUND BY THE SHANI SERGEANT. WE MUST GET THIS BOOK AS IT IS THE ONLY WAY WE HAVE TO RECOVER THE BURIED GOLD!

QUITE A TRIP TO THE SHANI VILLAGE, ER REYNOLDS?

ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED MILES, SEN. BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

WUSH-WUSH! I WONDER WHAT THAT IS OVER THERE IN THE SNOWS. GOOD-GOSH-IT'S MOVING!

AN ESQIMO! POOR FELLOW! NOT ONLY STARVED BUT BEATEN! GOOD THING I CAME ALONG!

A FEW WEEKS LATER

WELL-HERE WE ARE! NOW TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

YOU SAY YOU LOOK FOR LOGBOOK LEFT BY PILOT OF WRECKED PLANE. YOU SAVE MY LIFE SO I HELP YOU. MY NAME IS STAH!

THANKS, STAH. THAT WOULD HELP A LOT!







ISTAK!

FROM AHEAD I SEE BLACK JOHN SHOOT YOU AND ESCAPE—LOOK LIKE FLESH WOUND—NOT BAD. I USE SNOW TO REVIVE YOU!



BLACK JOHN IS HOURS AHEAD OF US ISTAK!

FEEL WIND? BLIZZARD COMING—MUST TAKE SHELTER IN CAVE IN ICE OVER THERE! QUICK!



BLAZES! WHAT A BLIZZARD—BUT I WON'T STOP NOW! THIS STORM WILL COVER MY TRACKS IN CASE ANYBODY TRIES TO TRAIL ME! BUT I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING—



LOST IN THE STORM THE DOGS RUSH BLINDLY ON.



IT'S A BLIND TRAIL!! H-HELP!



GOSH—WHAT A BLIZZARD! SEEMS LIKE BLACK JOHN'S TRAIL IS GONE ISTAK!

UGH! TOO BAD! LOSE GOLD—LOOK!! THERE IN DEEP SNOW—A SLED!!



WELL—THAT'S THE END OF BLACK JOHN—BURIED IN THE SNOW! COME ON, LET'S TRANSFER WHAT GOLD WE CAN FIND TO OUR SLED!



I GUESS THAT ENDS OUR SEARCH ISTAK! THE COLONEL WILL BE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED WHEN HE FINDS WE NOT ONLY GOT THE LOGBOOK BUT THE GOLD AS WELL!!

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



AMERICAN COMMANDER
IN THE MEXICAN WAR
WON 5 BATTLES IN A
SINGLE DAY THOUGH HIS MEN
WERE OUTNUMBERED 3 TO 1.
- FEB. 22, 1847 -
HE DID NOT LOSE A SINGLE
BATTLE IN THE
ENTIRE WAR!

3-RELIGION CHURCH
First Baptist, Ep-
COPAL, PROTESTANT
AND JEWISH SERVICES
ARE ALL HELD IN THIS
ONE BUILDING--
THE INTERIOR BEING
ALTERED TO FIT THE
DIFFERENT RITUALS



JOHN ENNIS WALKED
FROM NEW YORK CITY TO
SAN FRANCISCO IN 80 DAYS,
5 HOURS--
-1910-



PEKINGESE DOGS
WERE BRED TO RESEMBLE
THE BUDDHISTIC LION--
AND WERE ONCE SO SACRED
IN CHINA THAT THE THEFT
OF ONE WAS PUNISHABLE
BY DEATH...



GREATEST
HITTING
IN HISTORY!

TRAILING CHICAGO
0-8, THE
PHILA. ATHLETICS
SCORED 10 RUNS
IN THE "LUCKY TH"
TO WIN THE 1939
GAME OF THE
1939 WORLD SERIES

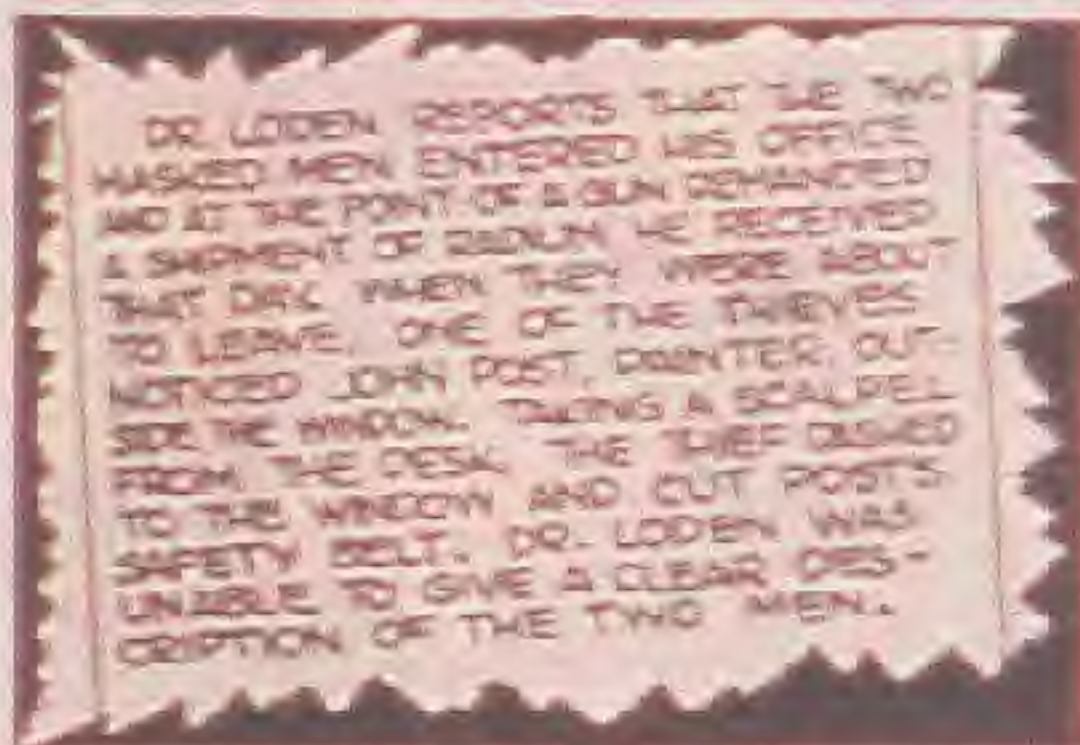


REAL
RED MEN

INDIANS OF THE COLORADO TRIBE,
EDUCATED ARE COLORED A BRILLIANT SCARLET
FROM HEAD TO TOE--PAINTING THEMSELVES
WITH AN UNBELIEVABLE DYE FROM SEEDS--
(LIKE ORANGE)...
ONCE A MIGHTY TRIBE NUMBERING THOUSANDS,
THERE ARE ONLY ABOUT 250 STILL LIVING









"I MIGHT FORGET ALL ABOUT IT IF YOU WOULD SEND SAY A \$1000 CHECK TO ANY CHARITY YOU DESIRE—

"I'LL DO IT, MR. CLOCK—

AND THE CLOCK IS OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TWO KILLERS' RIDE-OUT



THE CLOCK ENTERS THE ROOM OF NICK AND SLUG AND TAKES THEM BY SURPRISE



"IT'M SLUG WE DINT GOT NO GUN—

THE CLOCK!



YOU TWO BIRDS ARENT ANY COMPETITION AT ALL—



UGH!

COME ON— GET UP AND GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO GO TO WORK ON YOU TWO IN EARNEST—



WITH NICK AND SLUG BOUND THE CLOCK CALLS CAPTAIN KANE



HELLO, CAPT. KANE— TROT A COUPLE OF YOUR BOYS OVER TO 133 NICK STREET—

—YOU'LL FIND THE TWO GENTS WHO ROBBED DR. LODEN AND KILLED POST ANKING YOUR ARRIVAL— WHO IS CALLING?— THE CLOCK, MY FRIEND, THE CLOCK!



WALA PALOOZA

By *Alise Goldberg*

MY WINDSHIELD CLEANER WHEN RILS—HAPPY HOLIDAYS & FRESH—AS THE SEAS THIS CLAP WITH JOY PULLING STRINGS REAL HARD AND BAND LEADER POPS OUT OF BOX—WATCH HISER WHO PLAYS CORNET BLOW HOT NOTES ON WINDSHIELD



CONTINUED

LALA PALOOZA

1000

I SET THIS HEARTBEAT TO INSTALL
MY DEVICE FOR MAKING
PEOPLE STAND
UP WHEN YOU
ARE GOING
INTO YOUR
SEAT.

GET UP AND BONES NOW
HERE ENTERING ABOUT A
THE MURDER OF COUSIN OF
BONES
ON THE 25
3/1/12

REMEMBER—NO
SUNBATHS ON THE
TENT TAKE A
SHOWER AND
BEACH TROUSERS

Don't forget to
send in your
entry today!

GOOD MORNING LIES IN THE
MISS LALA -- RADIO ROOM
WHERE'S YOUR TUB
BROTHER

YOU KNOW, WHEN I REALLY
IS A DIRECTOR AT THE
SOME BIG COMPANIES, SEEK
AND WE WENT TO THE
OVER MANY THINGS, YOU
WELL, ON
WORTH

THESE ARE THE
WORDS OF THE
GODS OF THE
HEAVENS

THEY'RE DANGEROUS
FOR CONSUMERS
THAT TRUSTS
THEM

When I only had
 a few shaggers
 I got on that
 riding in
 the
 and give
 down
 on the

**A
TEN
SPOT!**

CONTINUED

LALA PALOOZA

SS DON'T FORGET
WHILE YOU ARE A
CLASSY MUCK
MUCK.
OUR GOOD OLD DAD
DROVE A BARBAGE
MUCK.
MAMA DROPPED YOU
ON YOUR BEAN.
I GUESS YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN.

YOU DON'T WANT
YOUR VERY OWN
LASSY MUCK
IN RALLY GAMES—
A GOOD-OLD-
MUCK.
BUT I LOVE YOU
JUST THE SAME!

HERE'S A RADIO MESSAGE
FROM THE GIRLS, TELLING
ME WHAT THEY WANT ME
TO BUY THEN
AT HIS PORT—

STEWART
HAVE YOU
SEEN MY
BROTHER
VINCENT
ANYWHERE?

YES MAMMIES
PLAYING A BIT
OF GUESS—
BOARD OVER
THERE

SURE I KNOW
ALL THE HOLLY-
WOOD BIG SHOTS
I'LL GET YOU
IN THE MOVIES

COME ON
VINCENT—
WE'RE
GOING
ABOARD!

YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME CARRY
MY PACKAGES

AN SS—
CAME ON
THIS TRIP
FOR A REST

DOROTHY WILL LOVE
THESE BEADS—
I THINK I'LL GET A
STRING FOR
MYSELF TOO!

THAT'S RIGHT
SS—GET
THINGS THAT
ARE EASY
TO CARRY!

THEY'VE GOT THE
RIGHT IDEA IN THIS
COUNTRY—THE WOMEN
DO ALL THE WORK!

MINNIE HATES
TWO DOZEN
OF COLORED
NAPKINS!

THIS WOULDN'T
BE A BAD
PLACE TO
LIVE!

WELL
VINCENT—
I'M GLAD
YOU'VE
STOPPED
COMPLAIN-
ING!

I'LL TAKE SIX
OF THOSE—AN
EIGHT OF THOSE—
AN FOUR
OF THESE

AND I MUST
BUY SOME
POTTERY
HERE FOR
LUNCH

55
50 FOR

Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent in the March issue — on sale February 1st.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE







DELTA
ALPHA
PI

... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...

FOUNDED AT OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY NOVEMBER 22, 1919, BY SIXTEEN STUDENTS. THE FOUNDERS' PURPOSE WAS TO ESTABLISH A TYPE OF FRATERNITY BASED ON CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

IN TRUTH
A RIGHT THEY
CERTAINLY SENT
OUT A LOT OF
INVITATIONS!



IT'S NEO BRANT
AND BOO SHEPHERD
AGAINST A GANG-
CAN'T HAVE THOSE
REDA-NEO BATTLEING
AMONG THEMSELVES



SO YOU WANTED
TO SEE IF I HAD THE
STUFF, SA T' REEL.
HERE'S A SAMPLE
OF IT.

1999



THE
NEW
AND
REVISED
EDITION

I AM -
 NOT SURE
 AND TAKE
 YOU ONE A
 A TIME

LOOK OUT
HED!



At Paul's morning meal, several guests and servants told of his accidents and the huge amounts for him.



GET
BRANDS EARLY
YOU GETS-
OWN IT

THE 4 CARDS
TO STOP A
SMALL FRONT
WHEEL TRUCK



A 15" HOLE OF THE
SHOULDER IN THAT PUNCH
AND - YOU GO LOOSEN
COUNTS THAT
HAY!

المحامي



AND
NEXT TIME
I WALK PAST
YOUR SCHOOL
I DON'T WANT
TO HEAR ANY
CRACKS ABOUT
LITTLE
MISS
SHEKELS!

COMING THE WAY
ALL FITTING



DID I EVER TELL YOU
ABOUT THE TIME
I WAS -

TELL US
ABOUT THE
WORK NIGHT
YOU WERE
ON A
FOREST,
HOTEL
AND

12 years without side us to show you
FEELING FISHWILL as you
have added to this section with
your notes

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

FEATURING

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100

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Ned Brant is continued in the March issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale February 1st.









OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

"HE'S BEEN LIKE
THAT EVER SINCE
THOSE
MISSION-
ARIES
PASSED."



"SHUCKS! THEY EAT MY
BAIT AN' USE MY HOOK AS
A TOOTHPICK!"



"Y'AD THINK
THAT MAMA
COULD
FORGET THAT
THIS IS
"BATH NIGHT!"



"WE'RE
DOOMED!!
RED JUST
SAID
THAT HE
WANTED
TO MAKE
A 'DEAL'
WITH
OUR
DRIVER!"

"NO, NO, JUNIOR--
THIS WAY DEAR,
MAMA'S OVER
HERE!!"



"WINDOW-
BREAKING.
JUDGE,
I CAUGHT HIM
THROWIN' A BOMB
THROUGH IT!"



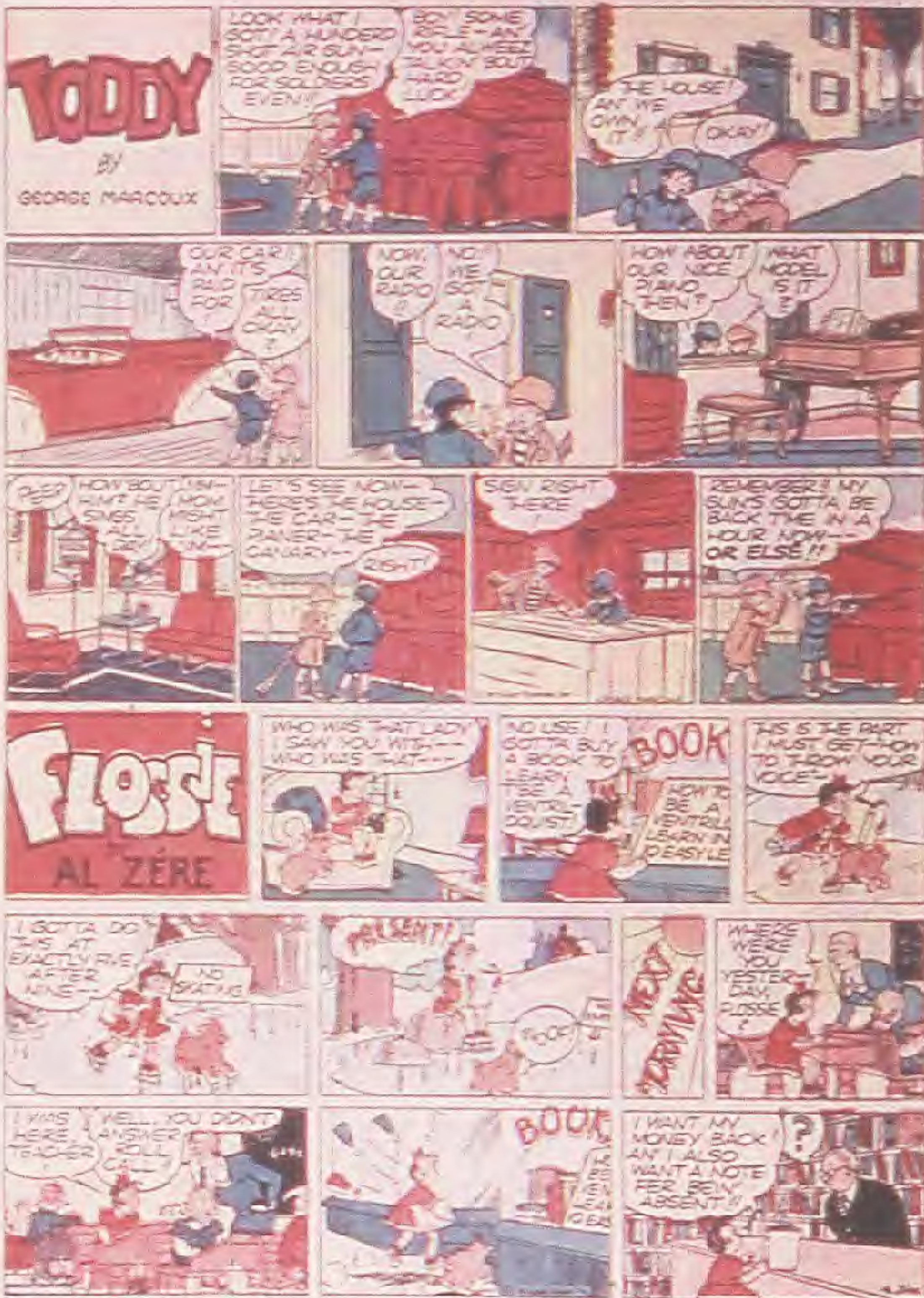
TODDY



Wopie

AL ZÉRE





More adventures of Toddy in the March issue—on sale February 1st.



Gallant Knight

by
VERNON HENKEL

SYNOPSIS:

STEALING HIS WAY INTO THE GRIM CASTLE OF THE BLACK BARON, SIR NEVILLE SOUGHT TO RESCUE THE IMPRISONED YOUTH WHOSE PARENTS WERE RUTHLESSLY SLAIN BY THE BARON'S SOLDIERS. A DESPERATE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM ENDED WHEN A TRAPDOOR HURLED THE ESCAPING PAIR INTO A PIT AND THEY WERE GREETED BY THE GARRING JAWS OF A GREAT BLACK PANTHER.



AS THE PANTHER SPRANG FOR THE KILL, SIR NEVILLE TRIED TO LEAP OUT OF ITS PATH, BUT--



--THE SWIFT IMPACT OF THE PLUNGING BEAST THREW HIM BACK / THE GREAT CAT CLAWED FOR NEVILLE'S THROAT!



THE SWIRL OF TALONS MINGLED WITH THE FLASH OF KNIFE AS --



--AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLADE FLASHED AND CRIMSONED WITH THE BEAST'S BLOOD.







BUT THE BLACK BARON FOUND THE SOLDIERS' WORDS HAD DONE THEIR WORK AND AN ARMY DIVIDED FELL TO FURIOUS FIGHTING



THE BARBARIAN . . . By Robert M. Hyatt

A tale of Sybaris and Macedon in the year 507.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

Time for the Great Games of Hellas was drawing nigh. This annual athletic event, most important in all the world, fell during the Month of Fire, in late summer. It was always an occasion for much revelry and feasting, and neither war nor penitence interfered. Hellas loved her sports and all Sybaris would be at the stadium on the opening day, though its populace had to crawl on hands and knees.

For a month previous, the city had been filling with visitors. They were of many races and, even as in similar events today, many of them came for sinister purposes. Drunkenness and thievery were rampant, and crime stalked through the streets at night, unbelieved.

Hard work had given Shan-to, naturally athletic, a hard body. For many weeks he had practiced weight throwing, running, and wielding the sword and javelin against imaginary antagonists. This he did for a specific reason, which he confided to Golab one evening, a few days before the games opened.

"Thou must get me entered in the lists," he told the big, black-bearded man.

"Get thee entered!" exclaimed Golab in amazement. "But lad, thou art—"

"The bondman," interrupted Shan-to. "And as such am entitled to be entered as thy representative."

Golab grinned. "As thou wilt, Shan-to. I shall give thy name in this very day. But—the reason for this foolhardy idea?"

"Not foolhardy," Shan-to defended. "If I gain my freedom I can then go work out my father. Thou canst devote time to his rescue. I must gain my freedom, Golab! And look thou." The youth stuck out his arm, bulging with muscles. "Am I not quite fit to do battle with their best?"

Golab muttered in his beard, but his dark eyes glowed. He loved this boy. "Wouldst that every member of the Noble Caste had thy spirit!" he lauded.

Sybaris was wild with excitement the opening day of the games. Banners and flags flowed from every house-top. The populace yelled and shouted and danced in the streets, and wagered vast sums on their favorites. And by the time the sun was two hours high, the city of wickedness was deserted, for everyone had gone to the huge stadium a mile away.

From the contestants' quarters below the tiers of seats, all a level with the arena, Shan-to watched the colorful throngs. The king's royal box held a thousand. It was a gala spectacle of riotous color and flashing guns.

The first few events were unimportant, mere preliminary affairs calculated to whip the spectators into the proper mood for the attractions to follow. The third was a footrace around the arena, which was approximately a half mile. Shan-to was entered in this event, against a field of a dozen runners.

He was the only "Asiatic" in the lists, and as such had found a measure of hatred thrown up between himself and the other contestants. They despised the yellow race. And, Shan-to reasoned, they would not be above trickery when pitted against him. He would have to be on his guard.

At the first blast of the trumpet, the runners took their places at the starting line. Then they were off! Several of these men, professional sprinters from Phoenicia, shot ahead and grouped, in an effort to shut the others out. Shan-to, conserving his strength, let the field draw away, but gradually he closed ground on the extreme outside. At the three-quarter marker, only a few paces separated them.

The crowds cheered madly, but through their cries could be heard shouts of "Beat the barbarian!" "Don't let the yellow devil win!"

Shan-to began stretching. Slowly the gap narrowed. Now he was running abreast of the line. Fifty paces from the finish, he started ahead,

winning by several feet. The crowds went mad. Soon and blunder—whether for the defeated, or the winner, Shan-to couldn't tell—filled the air. Above the din he could hear the mighty bellows of Golab.

It was Shan-to's first victory, his first notch on the road to freedom. He would have to win two more events. . . .

One of the principal attractions of the day was the Carnival of the Captives, a shocking, bloody massacre of condemned men by tigers. Each year, a certain number of poor prisoners were given the opportunity to win their freedom by battling several huge tigers. This year about forty had started to take the chance. When they filed into the arena, stripped down to loincloths and each clutching a short knife, the crowds roared. This gory spectacle always gave them much amusement—and seldom did a man live through the frightful ordeal.

Next came the tigers, nine huge Asiatic beasts, whipped to a frenzy by goading and starvation. With hoarse growls they leaped amongst their shivering prey. Shan-to, watching through the bars of the athletes' quarters, turned his face away. It was too revolting.

It was over quickly. The beasts were victorious, not one man living to claim his freedom.

When the tigers had been driven from their kills, the arena was cleared for the next event. This was weight throwing and hurling the javelin. Shan-to was the fifth contestant up. He would have to win at least one of these contests. The javelin hurling league was first. Shan-to doubted his ability to beat Nestro, the giant Spartan famed throughout Hellas. He would pass, this up, concentrate in the weight throwing event.

Nestro was early against the field and staggered off the arena amid vociferous cheering.

Five athletes preceded Shan-to in the weight throwing. One of them, Ahindo, from the east coast of Brus-

them, was the favorite. He vanquished his first four rivals by a matter of several feet in his cast. The cheering and wagging of his pommel moved out. Then Shan-lo stepped up. Ahindo moved at the last picked up the heavy iron weight.

At the end the stands were silent. The iron shot through the air and with it went Shan-lo's prayers. It landed a good foot beyond Ahindo's mark! And now indeed the crowds went wild. Instead of howling, they were acclaiming the yellow boy with cries of "Brave the barbarian!" "Look at the yellow devil!" "He must be a wizard!"

Shan-lo took his position with a bow in the royal box, and then he hurried to his quarters to don armor for the next event. This was the important one, certainly the most hazardous and difficult, and the one that stood between him and freedom. He was to battle Jetto, a Roman gladiator, in a beast with lance and mace.

As the trumpet sounded, Shan-lo mounted his horse and flattered onto the field. Jetto rode out at the other end, spurring his horse full tilt at Shan-lo. At the first clash, Shan-lo was almost unseated. Jetto whirled and came on again. This time Shan-lo, with a clever thrust he had practiced a long time, disarmed his antagonist. As Jetto's long lance went whirling through the air, fifty thousand throats belched thunderous applause.

Now the battle was with mace only for Jetto, for now a contestant lost a weapon he could not retrieve it. Cries of "Finish the Roman!" "Brave the barbarian!" filled the air. But Shan-lo did a strange thing. He ran his own lance aside and rode against the gladiator on equal footing.

Perhaps it was the surprise at this odd display of sportsmanship. Anyway, the battle was of short duration. Raining blows like a hail, Shan-lo beat Jetto back, had him going in circles, and at length the vanquished Roman fell from his horse. Shan-lo leaped from his saddle and stood over the prostrate man. And once again he did a thing that no Sybarite had ever beheld. He stooped down and assisted Jetto to rise!

The crowd went insane. Never had they witnessed such an act of sportsmanship in the lists. By every tenet of the code Shan-lo should have finished off his antagonist with a blow of his mace. Instead, there he was helping the wounded man to his feet!

People poured down out of the seats, overflowed the arena, bellowing their cheers to the heavens. King Lyron dispatched his personal bearer to Shan-lo with the

word making him free. Free! The Macedonian's heart sang. Now he could bend every effort to make his father free also.

But wait. Sybaris is not to be denied its hero! With cries of "Huzak the Asiatic!" they bore down on him, lifting him to their shoulders, screaming their cheer. Shan-lo was their new hero!

But suddenly above the din of acclaim, another cry resounded. It was echoed by others, surging up from the east gate of the stadium. It was a fearful sound. "To arms, men of Sybaris! We've attacked! The Cretans! The guard—where is the guard—!"

* * * *

In a gloomy cave far up in the hills above Sybaris, an old man sat, a man with flowing white beard and kindly blue eyes. One leg was chained to a huge block of stone, but the chain was of some length, permitting him to move about. The front of the cave was open, and beyond it lay a vast pit, which was the only entrance to this dreadful prison. In the pit the old man could see the forms of great serpents writhing about, never still, always waiting seemingly for the next victim.

The old man could hear above the snakes' hisses a dull roaring, a rising crescendo of sound that floated up from the city. He shook his head in a puzzled manner.

"Surely this is not the day," he muttered. "And yet"—listening more intently to the mighty surge of strife in the city—"it may be. Kalvah is wise. He lays well his plans. Ay, one day Sybaris will proclaim King Kalvah! Apollo hasten the day!"

The old man fell to meditating. Five years it was since he had left Epirus. Five years . . . He won-

dered how the city fared. How Kesar his son was carrying himself. Ah, there was a lad! One day Kesar would be a great leader. Ay, king of Epirus no less!

What was that! The serpents had ceased their hissing and writhing. They seemed to be tense. There is was again—voices. The screams of the guard at the pit's entrance. A shout! The iron door was opening. A huge black-bearded man had stepped inside. Another followed, a man in armor. Zeus, were they mad to enter the serpents' lair?

Petrak, for it was he who occupied the exit, shouted a warning. But the two daring men banded him not. They came boldly on. The snakes, huge mouths agape, hurled their monstrous bodies at their victims. Golah, whirling his sword, sheared the head off the first snake. His mare curled the air, the bellows of a giant at the sport he loved best—fighting. The other man, Petrak saw, had no weapon, but he used his arms like bells.

It was a ghastly, incredible battle. Golah chopped a path through the serpents, but always others filled the gap. The pit was red with gore. An hour passed, and now only one snake remained alive. Golah's sword had been broken off short, but he used the stub in the manner of a dagger. The last snake fought with a ferocity that was comparable to a tiger, and it was amazingly crafty withal. Lashing its mighty folds, it suddenly seized Golah's leg in its mouth; then, like lightning, its coils were twisted about his body.

CONCLUDED IN THE MARCH
ISSUE OF FEATURE FUNNIES—
ON SALE FEBRUARY 1ST.



DOG TOP BY ED WHEELAN

AFTER SKOOKIE IS FRIGHTENED BY A MAD DOG, HAL THOMPSON RESCUES HIM FROM THE HANGING WIRE.

BUT, IN THE MEANTIME THE SHOW GOES ON--

AND IN THE CENTER RING--

IN ANOTHER RING THE SUKI-YAKIS PERFORM

AFTER THE SHOW, JEFF BANSS INVESTIGATES THE 'BROKEN WIRE'--

WHY! THIS WIRE! YEP! YOU'RE WAS FILED! A RIGHT, SILK!!

OH-H!!

JEFF SEES THE BOSS PROPERTY MAN--

WHERE'S THE MAN WHO PUT UP HAL THOMPSON'S WIRE THIS MORNING, AL?

I FIRED 'IM BOSS, AT NOON. HE GAVE ME TOO MUCH BACK TALK WHEN I GAVE ORDERS!!

A SHORT TIME LATER

MYRA DEAR-- WHAT IS IT NOW?

OH H-HAL-- I KEEP THINKING W-WHAT MIGHT'VE HAPPENED TO YOU!

COME MYRA-- CHEER UP-- AND PROMISE ME YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT MY NARROW ESCAPE!

I--I PROMISE, HAL!

WHILE IN THE CLOWN'S TENT--

BOYS, WHOEVER FILED THAT WIRE HAD ORDERS TO DO IT!

BUT, WHO'S ORDERS?

GH! HAL DARLING-- IF ANYTHING DID HAPPEN TO YOU I'D DIE!

SEE WHIZ, LADY-- WHAT'S THE MATTER ??

WHO ARE YOU, LITTLE BOY? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I HEARD YOU CRYIN'-- SO I CAME IN!

I BEEN TRYIN' TA JOIN THIS CIRCUS! MY NAME'S 'RED O'HARE'-- AN' THIS FELLA IS 'WHISKERS'!!

RED, BUT LITTLE BOYS CAN'T JOIN A CIRCUS JUST BECAUSE THEY WANT TO!

WHY?

FOR MANY REASONS, DEAR!

WHAT ARE SOME OF TH' REASONS, LADY?

WELL, FIRST, IF BOYS WANT TO JOIN A CIRCUS THEY MUST GET THEIR PARENTS' CONSENT!!

BUT, I AINT GOT ANY PAR-ENTS, LADY!

OH! YOU POOR BOY!!-- NEITHER HAVE I!!

GEES-- THAT SORTA MAKES US FRIENDS-- DON'T IT!

YES-- IT DOES, DEAR-- NOW, ABOUT 'WHISKERS'-- CAN HE DO TRICKS?

OH!! I'LL SHOW YA!

OMON, WHISKERS-- A FLIP-FLOP FER TH' NICE LADY!!

BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



Big Top is continued in the March issue of FEATURE FUNNIES - on sale February 1st.



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





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Follow Dixie Dugan in the March issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale February 1st.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

BY LORAIN HILL



RAPHAEL - immortal Italian artist, painted more than 100 pictures of the Virgin Mary.



A 12-HOUR "HOURGLASS" WAS OWNED BY CHARLEMAGNE, HOLY ROMAN EMPEROR.

PETER BELMORRE CARRIED A 101-LB. SACK OF SAND 8 MILES IN 2 HOURS, 5 MINUTES San Diego.

SAILORS' BELL-BOTTOMED TROUSERS ARE SO DESIGNED TO MAKE THEM EASILY ROLLED FOR DECK SCRUBBING.



SEVENTY-SEVEN OF A BURIAL OF NIGHTMARE OF DURING LAST OVER A YEAR - SHOWS WITH THE SOFTLY CRYSTALLINE OF THE HALL-COLORED FLIGHT.



THE FIJI ISLANDS WERE DISCOVERED AND CHARTED BY WILLIAM BLIGH - English naval officer, AND 18 MEN WHILE ADRIET IN AN OPEN 23-FOOT BOAT AND LACKING IN NAVIGATION INSTRUMENTS, FOOD AND WATER... CAST OFF BY THE MUTINEERS OF THE 'BOUNTY', BLIGH AND HIS CREW SAILED 4,254 MILES WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A LIFE.

-1789-



JAMES EDWARDS - FRODO BAGGINS CARRIED 120 POUNDS OF SAND ALONG WITH HIM.



John



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

—IT'S OFTEN
WRONG!

NIPPIE—THE
MOON IS
SHINING IN
MY EYES—
PLEASE GET
UP AND PULL
DOWN THE
SHADES!

I DON'T
HAFTA
GET UP—I
CAN
REACH IT!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the March Issue—on sale February 1st.

TURN YOUR CHRISTMAS MONEY INTO FUN!



Get this NEW DAISY TELESCOPE SIGHT—\$1.00



You, too, can be a crack shot. This genuine 2-power 'scope improves your aim. Your target appears almost twice its size. The rubber eye-piece snugly fits right up to your eye and shuts out the light, gives you a perfect image to draw a bullseye on. Its universal mounts make it easy to attach to any Daisy (except the double-barrel). At one dollar the Daisy 'Scope' is a bargain at any time. But if you buy now, you get a double bargain. Here's your offer. Send us a dealer's sales slip showing you bought a Daisy 'Scope', along with a dime, and we will send you the famous Bell Target which regularly sells

for 25 cents. (If your dealer doesn't have the 'Scope, mail us his name and address along with a dollar for the 'Scope and we will send the 'Scope direct to you postpaid. If you want the Bell Target too, enclose an extra dime with your dollar. To get the Bell Target for a dime, you must buy a 'Scope). The target is made of blood-iron a dime, you must buy a 'Scope). The target is made of blood-iron steel, holds regular bullseye target cards, and has a bullseye ring when you score a bull's eye. It holds all shots. Be sure to give us your name and address. And act at once! This offer is good only until February 12, 1929. Your letter must be postmarked not later than that date.

TARGETEER—The GUN that's FUN



Here's the biggest buy you can find for \$2.00. Two-inch repeating air pistol, 25 bull's-eye target cards, two spinning targets, tube of 500 shots, all packed in carrier which you use as backdrop. This game is so safe you can use it indoors. Complete. **\$2.00**

SHOOT A REAL DOUBLE-GUN

If you were one of those unusually lucky fellows who get five dollars from someone, or enough money from several folks to make five dollars, the new Daisy Double-Barrelled Repeating Air Rifle is what you want. It's got 2 triggers, 2 barrels, breaks for cocking, has an automatic safety—it's just like dad's double-barrelled high-priced shotgun. Why not double your fun with this new **\$5.00** Double-gun, the finest Daisy ever made.



BELL TARGET



Here's the Bell Target you've made for the prize. It's made of blood-iron steel, holds regular bull's-eye target cards, and when you score a bull's eye you win a bell. The Bell Target is made of blood-iron steel and will last a life time. Price **25c**

BULL'S EYE SHOT is the only shot that will hit the bull's eye. Buy Bull's Eye.



5c

All prices are slightly higher in Canada.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

